

FOR GRANT.

BY EDWARD REAUM.

From white Nevada's snow-crowned head
Massachusetts Bay,
From North to South, from East to West,
fling wide the flag to-day;
We dread no more the evil deeds that face
us from the East and West;
No sacrilegious hand shall set the gray above
the blue!

Flash far, on hot electric breath, in cabin,
cot, and hall,
The message that the captain calls to rise
and man the wall;
Our hearts are bold, our blades are bright,
our spirits brave and true;
Our prayer we pray—*above the gray!*—but
God protect the blue!

Send forth our armies to the fight; if speed
speed them over the rail;
That we who fight the honest fight for truth
may yet prevail;

Though breakers beat the ship of State we
yet shall pull her through,
And deck her for the festival with red, and
white, and blue.

The clouds that flock the firmament at close
or dawn of day
Float overhead, but the eternal dome springs
unswerving away;

Then how shall puny man essay what God
denies to do?
To set the cruel gray above the firmament
of blue?

The eagle with unfading eye looks proudly
at the sun;
As fearlessly we front the foe—the fight is
well high done;

Soon shall the cannon's thundering roar
proclaim the deeds we do,
And show that we have set the gray beneath
the honored blue.

They come, a myriad marching men! I hear
their thundering tread,
To battle bravely for the right and strike the
treason dead;

Lo! in the van our hero stands beneath the
blaze of day,
To raise the dead old blue once more above
the cruel gray!

ONE OF MY "BY-GONES."

After striving all day with the total de-
privation of chairs and tables and beds, which
refused on any terms to look homelike in
a new house, it was comforted to rush
out into the avenue, in the dusk, and take
sweet counsel with myself, or, as quaint old
Herbert expresses it,

—to tumble up and down my chest
And see what my soul doth wear.

It was the avenue which made me take the
house; nobody's avenue in particular, yet it
seemed to belong to each of us, and in the
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the door and found myself in the office. The
doctor lay on a lounge, sleeping heavily, as
if he had just thrown himself into a
hard day's work. I called to him in a
loud voice, "Oh, well, I can't believe it. I
must have been dreaming some fearful thing,
for he seized my wrists as in a vise and
roared, 'Now I have you!' before he opened
his eyes."

"You've mistaken, doctor; it is I who
have you," I said laughing. He released
my wrists and sat up with eyes very wide
open.

"And what are you going to do with me?"
"Oh, you must come to my aunt at Dove-
cotes, and I'll begin to cry more heartily
than I have done."

He took me up as easily as if I had been a
baby, and laid me on the lounge. "Now lie
there perfectly still until my carriage is
ready," he said, as my having authority. In
a few minutes he brought me some ancient-
looking stuff in a glass, which I drank with-
out a word, and my nerves grew steady again.
I climbed into the little old-fashioned sulky,
in which there was but spare room for my
owner—a carriage that must have been in-
vented by some of the ancients. I did not
mean to drive his own patients. I con-
tracted myself into about the substance of a
paper of pins, and held my breath, but that
sulky was a very tight fit, indeed!

I was a thin summer dress, with only a
stays that my lovers and I had worn. I
lessened, the cool, sharp air of the September
night pierced me like a knife.

"You are shivering," said the doctor,
wrapping one side of his round cloak about
me, and holding me close to his breast with
one arm, while he drove his horse at furious
speed with the other.

"I give you a great deal of trouble," I
whispered into his ear.

"Not at all. It is all in my day's work,"
he said gruffly. This was not very gallant,
but it made me more comfortable in mind,
as it possibly was in body.

He did all that a doctor could for my aunt,
which was little enough. Time and patience
were all the prescriptions that he gave to her
or to me, but he came every day, sometimes
twice, as he perceived that time was growing
old, and his patience would soon have its
perfect work.

The old story—old as when Cain went
courting into the land of Nod—is coming, as
my reader can see with half an eye.

I did not fall in love with Dr. Gilmore, nor
he with me, at all; but there grew to be a
strong friendship between us, and a warm
hand-clasp with which at every visit he met
and stilled my shivering nerves.

In the first week of our acquaintance, I
confided to him my unwilling list of ailments,
which he read in his rough way, and with
his advice and assistance, I sent a full-
worded advertisement to the village paper.

To judge by the pile of answers
which I received describing every kind of
ring that ever was worn, one would think
the earth should have been sown as thick
with them as the stars in the sky. I had
great slaughter of Carthaginian knights. But
not one of the answers so much as hinted at
a violet of sapphires with a diamond centre.

In these lonely days I saw a great deal of
my neighbor, Miss Purdy; she was one of
those rare and blessed souls who interpret
literally the command to love one's neighbor
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young and innocent maiden," she remarked.
"Oh, Kate," I said, in the usual gushing
fashion, "I am so happy I can't believe it."
"Oh, well, I can't believe it," she said, "but
at this time of night unless something awful
has happened!"

"I wonder he did not fall in love with you,
Kate."

"So do I, but some men have no taste,
you know. They are as pitiful as blind. Besides,
as I have said before, he is too aged for
me. He'll be a 'centurion' when you're
in your prime."

Kate refused to talk all night, as I would
gladly have had her, and I did catch an hour
or two of sleep, full of happy dreams.

I was nearly alone in the world, and there
was no earthly reason for delaying the mar-
riage except for wedding garments.

Dovecotes was wonderfully healthy just
at this time, but the Doctor's carriage (he
had a dog in it, a narrow sulky and re-
placed it with a buggy) might be seen going
at full speed along the avenue often enough
for a patient at the point of death.

We were married and went into the village,
to live in the very house in which I had first
taken possession of its name.

That former neighbor who had seen me an
old maid, in her prophetic soul said, "So you
took the doctor after all."

If this were an ordinary and well-conducted
story, it ought to end here; but being a true
history, it does not. The mild, color-
less, end, like that of most heroines, with mar-
riage.

I had been Mrs. Gilmore nearly ten years,
and had led a very downy life of it. My
love, which had run so smoothly from the be-
ginning, kept up a steady rain.

I mentally carried an umbrella all those
years, but it never rained anything but good
fortune.

Three little Gilmores made my life a happy
burden, and my old friend Kate Purdy came
constantly to the house to help me bring them
up, as they were called, into the world.

Her fate was carried into her aunt's house
with a sprained ankle, and came out of it her
accepted lover.

Many men had fallen in love with Kate in
these years, but they had been without form
and shadow. The mild, colorless, end, like
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